Carleton Place Herald.

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POETRY.

THE COTTAGE BY THE HILL-SIDE.

WRITTEN FOR THE "HERALD."

I am thinking of my childhood—
And childhood's scenes arise
In a vivid panorama
Before my youthful eyes;
But first amid the visions,
Before me floating past,
Comes the Cottage by the Hill-side
Where my early days were past.

I have roamed through many a fairer clime
Than that where I was born—
Where sunshine dwells forever
As bright as early morn;—
Yet I cease not to remember,
In other regions vast,
The cottage in Dunleckney
Where my early days were past.

Ah! many an *airy* castle,
In infancy I cherish'd,
Nor dreamt how soon their shadows
Like phantasies had vanish'd.
Far, far, from those who love me,
My lot stern fate has cast,
Yet I love the hill-side cottage
Where my early days were past.

That dear remembrance haunts me
Like some sweet passing dream;
It cheers my hours of sadness
Like a radient starlight beam:
It is an olden memory,—
And it shall be my last,—
The cottage in Dunleckney
Where my early days were past.

ROSE.

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE COMPANY.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

In a late review of the Annual Report of this Company, we showed that not only had the fine promises of its future good management and prosperity come to nought, but that it is confessedly insolvent. In this bankrupt condition, instead of acting honestly and wisely, either going into liquidation at once, or adopting a re-organization in a narrower field, it has extended its operations, by opening an agency in California.

This is a purely gambling transaction as much as if the Directors risked the funds of the shareholders at the *Fara* table. It is true that high rates of premium are obtained in California, but it is not less true that insurance Companies are also subjected to immense losses there; the result being that those who have large capitals and can afford to pay heavy claims and wait the slow accumulation of premiums to obtain an ultimate profit, find the business an average one, but less solid institutions are wiped out by the first large loss.

The position of the Provincial in California as in Canada, is that of a receiver of premiums, it has an immense stomach for these; but it does not pay losses. Its ordinary mode of settling claims, is by a species of currency called "slow notes," made payable at some given date. but actually redeemable at convenience, as will be seen by the following letter:—

No. 243.

PROVINCIAL INSURANCE OFFICE,
Toronto, June 14th, 1858.

GENTLEMEN;—We had hoped when accepting your drafts for $400,000 and $3,172,95, that at their maturity we would be in funds to pay them without asking any further indulgence. We had a right to expect this, from the bems growing due to the Company, and that the revival of business in Canada, would enable parties to keep their engagements to their company. Such, however has been the entire stagnation of business, and which still continues, and the great scarcity of money throughout Canada,, that we have been obliged in almost every instance to extend the time to them, with, in some few cases, obtained very small payment. Thus hampered at present for want of immediate funds, we are forced to ask you, what we have asked others, and being graciously accorded, to accept the enclosed note of the company for $3,639,84, at 3 months, which includes interest; to return our two acceptances.

We regret the delay, but in the present distressed state of the times, it is beyond our control to avoid it. We have a million and a half capital yet, in the hands of stock holders, uncalled, and which is subject to an order of the Board; but until times mend, it would be unwise, if not useless, to make the call.

Your obedient servant.
Signed, J. L. STARR, Manager.

To the New York Belting & Packing Co. New York.

It will be observed from this document—*first*, that the *Provincial Insurance* Company could not pay a note of $400; *secondly*, that its only means of ever meeting it were from sums "growing due to it," that is to say the premiums paid for insurance by its dupes; *thirdly*, that its Directors are satisfied that it is "unwise, if not useless," to attempt to call up any more of the subscribed capital, heretofore so much vaunted as a security of policy holders; and, *fourthly*, that it had paid off other debts in the same manner.

The notes which the *Provincial* thus allowed to go to protest in June, were due 12th to 15th of that month, the very day after the letter of excuse was dated, and were given for losses incurred more than a year previous.

The *Provincial*, is thus according to its own showing, utterly unworthy of confidence, and not able to pay the most trifling loss.—Nor is this capacity likely to increase, for the premiums which it is now receiving, instead of being funded as some provisions for new losses, are absorbed at once in providing for a load of debt which the Directors appear not to know the extent of.

In the advertisements and circulars published in this city, the subscribed capital is set forth as $1,986,080, and the premiums received by the Company between June 1856 and June 1857, as $197,364, but there is not a word of amount of capital paid up in hand nor the sum of losses for the corresponding period: but as the advertisement says "this company now transacts a large and remunerative business, and affords the guarantee of a wealthy Canadian proprietary," the uninitiated would naturally suppose that the Company had in hand not only all its paid up capital, but a considerable accumulation of earnings as a premient rest to secure its proprietary and policy-holders in case of any of those great losses to which Insurance Companies are periodically victims.

"No man would infer from the Montreal advertisement, that the respectibility of the Local Board of Directors was but a little cover for a fraud, and that the public boast of solvency and prosperity but a screen for poverty and financial rotteness.

We repeat the facts proved by the last Annual Report of the Company, to show that our picture of condition is not distorted or unfairly colored.

But in giving the *Provincial* the benefit of its own figures, we are bound to say that bad as they are they are not entitled to implicit credit as a full exposition of its condition, for it never yet published a Report that was not proved by the admissions of subsequent ones to have been false, fraudulent and deceptive. In fact, as far as management is concerned the Provincial never knew the luxury of honesty for a single day.

It was established in 1849, with a nominal capital of £500,000, of which $1,986,080 were absolutely subscribed by a most respectable proprietary in Western Canada, and $450,816 have been absolutely paid up.

The result of this nine years business is that it has sunk every penny of its paid up capital, nearly half a million of dollars, and all its earnings, and is in debt £81,604. When the call was made last year upon the proprietary for an instalment of nearly £26,000, they were told that this was all that would be required of them to put the institution into a paying position; they were told also that the whole amount of its liabilities were £47,000 against which there were Assets written down to £38,000, but nominally worth a much larger sum. In paying up this instalment, the shareholders expected that little more than a fourth of it would be required to pay the difference between liabilities and assets, and that the balance would go to form a new capital, which employed with more judgment and honesty, would at last give them some solid return for their investment.

But as usual the statements of the Directors were false, meant to obtain more money, and then to be dropped as useless decoys.

The £38,000 of Assets, in course of collection dwindled down to £4,500, and together with the year's earnings £6,136, and payments on the call to the amount of £15,990 were all absorbed in reducing the debt £26,576, leaving almost as much more to be met by some new scheme, and the Company depended for existence from day to day upon the premiums obtained on the strength of its large subscribed capital, and its wealthy proprietary.

The proprietary, however, have paid all they intended to pay unless compelled, and as the General Manager, the *Honorable* Leander Starr, remarked in his letter, it would be *unwise* and useless to ask them to submit to another squeeze, to keep alive a concern which if not dead, is so rotten that it would be a mercy to knock it on the head, to fit it for burial.

It is improbable that the next Annual Report, if the Company by paying claims with notes, and renewing them until convenient, exists another year, will show a further deficiency of $100,000 for losses not previously known to the Company, or claims accidentally omitted, on further depreciation of Assets.

The only course left to the Company is to wind up, and after that if they chose, to re-organize; to go on with the present burdens or to get rid of them as proposed by the issue of bonds secured upon the uncalled capital if impossible.

The public can have no confidence in a concern which is bankrupt, unable to meet its current liabilities, and repudiated by its stockholders; and although false representations as to its solvency may induce the ignorant to insure in a Company which offers them no single element of security, yet this practising upon credulity is a game which is not only played out, but subjects the Agents and Officers of the Company to prosecutions for misdemenor, under the 8th clause of the Act of last Session, called "An Act to make better provision for the punishment of frauds committed by trustees, Bankers, and other persons entrusted with property," to which we invite their attention.

ADMIT LIGHT (FREE.)

"Light is come into the world," said the voice of inspiration, Yes; but what ceaseless efforts are made to quench it—both moral and physical light Both are equally necessary to health and development; and against both is waged constant war. Is it, now, because "deeds are evil?" or is it because man's eyes are so used to darkness that he miscalls light and dark, taking the one for the other? The sun rises every morning—it never fails—yet if the drapery of cloud is not thrown before its brightness, the window curtain is; man can not endure its primary glow; its radiance must first be absorbed by something earthly. Reflected from sublunary things, he welcomes it unshrinking. Man wants light diluted. He fears it, intensified as God prepared it. So he fits shutters to the windows to keep it out; and the "helpmeet" hangs textile fabrics at the windows to intercept any beam which may chance to struggle through. Ah, what nice times the sprites of disease do have in these dark rooms! How they gambol, laugh and throw about their missiles at every stealthy opening of the door! It would be well to consider WHO prepared the light—who compounded the sunbeam, apportioning the different parts, and tempering the whole for all its various uses. Man, man! will you always strive to thwart nature's beneficence? You take from your bread most important elements—the most nutritious part; and you so fear light as to lose its positive virtues; thus increasing toil and accumulating pains, while gradually and surely debilitating your life-power.

Rational woman, unveil those windows; ay, throw them wide open; let the blessed light come right in with a broad smile, just as if you had always welcomed it. It will not abuse your confidence. Everything likes to be trusted, you do. Did you ever notice the shoots from vevetables carelessly left in your cellar in the spring? They grow long; but how frail! They are sick from lack of sun. See how, with all their efforts, they turn toward the wall through which the light feebly enters, and reach forward day by day, more and more, to find a supply. What can flourish without light? poisonous plants and vice. Have you ever watched the tadpoles in the puddles by the roadside—the "polliwogs," we called them, when we used to watch their vibrations, as with their single motor appendage they darted out of sight? How we watched, if perchance we might see the rudder drop off and the paddles in the process of expansion!—see the "polliwog" change to a frog. This transformation never takes place, the "polliwog" never becomes a frog, if kept in darkness The baby frog becomes an overgrown polliwog merely, never attaining to frog's estate; forever deprived of the privilege of breathing by lungs, he remains a fishy animal breathing by gills only. Give the little fellow light, and in due time he becomes a well-developed frog, croaking as merrily as though born in that condition.

Let in the light—into the house, the closet, the cellar, into the heart, ay, into the very depths of the soul.—*Life Illustrated.*

A GOOD OLD MAN.

A good old man is the best antiquity, and which we may with least vanity admire: one whom time hath been thus long a working, and, like winter fruit, ripened when others are shaken down. He hath taken out as many lessons of the world as days, and learned the best thing in it—the vanity of it. He looks over his former life as a danger well passed, and would not hazard himself to begin again. The next door of death sads him not, but he expects it calmly as his turn in nature; and fears more his recoiling back to childishness than dust. All men look on him as a common father, and on old age, for his sake, as a reverent thing. He practises his experience on youth without the harshness of reproof, and in his counsel his good company. He has some old stories still of his own seeing to confirm what he says, and makes them better in the telling; yet is not troublesome neither with the same tale again, but remembers with them how oft he has told them. He is not apt to put the boy on a younger man, nor the fool on a boy, but can distinguish gravity from a sour look; and the less testy he is the more regarded. You must pardon him if he likes his own times better than these, because those things are follies to him now that were wisdom then; yet he makes use of that opinion too when we see him, and conjecture those times by so good a relic. He goes away at last too soon whensoever, with all men's sorrow but his own; and his memory is fresh when it is twice as old.—*Bishop Earle.*

PORTABLE THRASHING MACHINE.

We find it a more difficult matter than we imagined to describe the very admirable thrashing machine which we recently alluded to, and which we saw at work. As, however, this invention must very soon become a most important instrument in the hands of our great agriculturists, we must make the attempt to give our readers some little information regarding it, and we trust that our remarks may be efficacious at least in directing the attention of all large farmers to its many excellencies.

First, we must say a complimentary word regarding the arrangements of the buildings at Bothwell Castle Farm, which, by the courtesy of Mr. Adams, we were allowed to inspect in every portion. Neatness and convenience were apparent everywhere, and all were so placed that the several operations of stable, dairy, and barn could be carried on with as much order and regularity as reigns in a mechanical factory. The thrashing machine which Lady Montague has had recently erected on these premises, is constructed on the old Scottish principle, that is, with offers for carrying the corn to be deprived of its seed into that portion of the machine where the thrashers operate. The straw is carried forward by two large shaking drums, which, by means of forks, drag the straw over a grating, through which the corn falls to the frames of the dressing machine, where it is separated from all chaff and dust, as well as short straws that may have got mixed with the grain. The straw falls through an opening in the floor of an upper room in which the machine is placed, and is received by men who bundle it. This machine is wrought by a fixed steam engine, and is, therefore, not locomotive. While at work a whistle and bell are the means employed to direct the workers.

The above description will enable our readers to appreciate the improvements which have been made upon the portable thrashing machine, named at the head of our present notice. The new machine, which, as we formerly stated, is part the adaptation and part invention of Mr. Waller, the scientific superintendent at Messrs. Gray and Co.'s establishment, at Uddingston, is locomotive, and is moved by an engine, on a carriage with four neat light and strong wheels, said to be eight horse power, but capable of working up to the power of nine horses. The engine is placed on the boiler, fixed on a strong plate, which bears all the strain. This engine is much smaller than usual, has several peculiarities of construction and is unlike any other steam engine at present working in Scotland; and, in the opinion of many skilled persons, is regarded as a great improvement. It is compact and well finished, works with very little noise, and consumes an exceedingly small amount of fuel.

The portable thrashing machine, which is wrought by the above engine, is also erected on a carriage with four small, neat, and strong wheeels, and, on the instant it is seen, its diminutive size is quite remarkable. The thrasher works with scarcely any noise, is very light in appearance, does not seem complicated, can be easily managed by one man, has all the working gear placed outside, and can, as we saw, without the slightest difficulty, and while in full motion, be oiled by an attendant.

The corn lifted from the stack, for the engine and machine may be moved about in the stackyard, is supplied to a man on the top platform of the thrasher, who stands before a long V shaped opening into which he lays the loose sheaves of grain, and where it comes in contact with the thrashing drum, which is composed of a series of arms, with beaters shod with serrated iron plates. It is then carried along to a framework, between which, and the beaters, the grain is perfectly rubbed out of the ear. The straw is then thrown forward, on to a series of shaking frames, which having an up and down, as well as a forward and backward motion, allow every particle of grain to fall from the ear, and pitch the straw out in heaps to the bundlers.

The grain which first leaves the straw at the drum falls into a riddle or frame of latticed wood or wire work, to which a vibrating board carries such portions as fall from the shaking frames. At this stage of the operation any short straws or heads of grain called *pulse* or *cavings* are stopped and thrown off, and there are other riddles placed to cleanse these, while a strong current of air from a fanner carries away the chaff and dust. At the bottom of the machine below what we have described there is a very useful contrivance, the effect of which is almost incredible. This is an application of an invention called "Nalder's Patent," and its function is to separate and expel by its own ventage all such grain as may have been gnawed by mice, or small seeds, or other light foreign substances of a noxious or valueless character. It is impossible by words to make this portion of the machine intelligible, but its effect was quite marvellous, because, while the grain was being carried by an endless chain of buckets, and subject to the action of a fanner, a series of knives was cutting the ears from barley, or the husks from wheat, as the case might be, and at the same time separating and throwing off the useless, or worse material we have indicated. After this the grain is conveyed into a slightly inclined revolving screen, where it is sorted as we described in our former notice.

We may mention here that that invention named as "Nalder's Patent," the corn separator and dressing apparatus, received the silver medal of the Royal Agricultural Society, as the best invention of the year 1855, and it has never up to this time been improved upon or equalled in efficiency. Messrs. John Gray and & Co., of Uddingston, deserve the thanks of agriculturalists for having introduced this admirable invention to the Scottish people (amongst whom, by the way, the first thrashing machine was invented); and we may add that this firm has secured the sole right of manufacturing machines in Scotland with this application.

It is with much satisfaction that we make public this evidence of industrial enterprise amongst ourselves, and we know that all concerned in agricultural pursuits are looking forward with much interest to the competition of Messrs. Gray & Co., with their English rivals at the forthcoming agricultural meetings at Chester and Aberdeen this year, where the struggle for precedence will, beyond all doubt, be both honorable and severe.

Mr. Drew of Carmyle, Mr. Neilson of Mossend, Messrs. Scott, Kirkwood, and steel, of Uddingsten, Mr. Cunningham, director in the Glasgow Agricultural Society, Mr. Smith, of Inchture, Perthshire, and a number of other gentlemen have carefully inspected the portable thrashing machine and engine we have attempted to explain, and speak very highly of their efficiency, and the opinion of practical agriculturists in such cases is the sure and the only test of excellence.

On Friday and Saturday week the machine was again tried, and gave the greatest satisfaction. Three stacks of wheat were operated upon, at the rate of more than thirty sheaves per minute. Not a particle of wheat was left in the straw, and by means of the "spectator" it was delivered into bags, cleaned, sized, and sorted in the most admirable manner.

ASTRONOMY.

From the Globe.

Astronomy in these days has become to most people a very cut and dried science, Sir Isaac Newton has told us all about it. There is the sun in the centre, and the planets revolve round it, as we see in the orreries. The grand discovery of gravitation started from the fall of an apple, and ends with it. The sun is a very large orange, and the earth a crabapple, and the moon a white currant. With a few trifling varieties, this explains the whole solar system. Ladies' maids understand it all, for it is far easier than needlework or clear starching; and though we have heard of one who owned herself beaten by the "possession" of the equinoxes, the whole affair lies within the reach of a village school, from the rotation of the earth's axis to the discovery of the last new planet. The mind contemplates a vast shadowy order of revolving worlds, and is satisfied. The truth leaves so little to the imagination, it establishes so impassable a gulf between us and every other celestial body, that minds bred in the school of life and sentiment recoil from this, the cold certainty of solid spheres moving by iron laws. What have we to do with the planet Jupiter, or even our own moon? Tell us, if you can, whether they are inhabited; what like beings occupy them; how they live, and, if possible, open communication with them. What are they to us, or we to them? Your discoveries only make matters worse. Desist and let us imagine what science bids us to believe. Meanwhile, thanks to the dull, able men, who, with their cold, piercing eyes and subtile algebra, have dissected this great puzzle, not only have illusions vanished, but the very pageant of the visible heavens has lost its charm. Who knows, or cares to know, the thousand spectacles that astronomer, shepherd, and sailor once watched and waited for? The constellations, the heliacal settings of the chief stars, the planets, their onward and backward paths, the harvest moon, the Milky Way, now brilliant, now turbid, now in many streams, now in one, have become almost hidden lore to us, who know, as we think, the substance of which all these are shadows. Happily for men of science themselves, to give a motive for further research, and to suggest something beyond a mere eternal order, the fact which they discover is ever in advance of the law which they know. As they scrutinize the vacant places of our own system, or project their gaze deeper into the infinite, they encounter a strange caprice, a wild variety, shapes as fanciful as those of Flora's own devising, mysterious movements, and the traces of terrible catastrophes. We see stellar systems, or rather universes, exceeding all our notions of magnitude in the eccentric shape of ringlets, horses' tails, dumb bells, crowns, discs, and sickles. In our own system, where an eternal law had seemed to prescribe certain planets at certain distances, that law is found to have been rudely interrupted by the explosion of one globe into fifty smaller ones. Even the sun itself suggests the hope, or the fear, of changes affecting its own structure, and the condition of every planet that basks in its rays. We have, then, a celestial history as well as order; events as well as method. In the visible heavens around us there is not only an eternal present; there is a past, and there is a future.

But of all those changes and events, portentous yet welcome, there is none so historical, so fearful, or that so bespeaks a still creative hand, as those wonderous visitors, one of whom is to-night, as they tell us, at its brightest and nearest. We all speak glibly of dimensions, and distances, and velocities; but as Ariel or Puck is to slow mortal man, so is this heavenly sprite to the vulgar rank of planets. As he has been seen for several nights past, with his head in the latitude of Arcturus, vertical to Jamaica or Bombay, he has flung a stream of light to the latitude of vertical to the northern part of this island. Even in this hazy atmosphere the spectre has been traced to a length of 40 degrees, which, taking distance and angles into account, cannot stand for less than 50,000,000 of miles. But when we ask who and what this is,—what is his substance, his work, and his law, all are at fault. Astronomers, new and old, materialists and mysticaists, mathematicians and nurserymaids, mediæval signmongers and modern philosophers, are all reduced to one rabble of guessers. When they have made head and tail of it their discoveries come to a standstill. What is a comet? By numerous tests it has been found impossible to detect any weight in it sufficient to affect the motions of a planet or a satellite. But for this we should have had our own year frequently lengthened and shortened to such an extent as to throw all our chronology out of gear, and supersede the almanac as much as a dissolution does our *Parliamentary Companion.* Our shadowy visitors themselves pay the profoundest homage to our superior gravity; they bow to this planet, they linger for that; they hasten to another; with a series of weak compliances, they change their speed, their orbits, even their winter quarters in the extra solar heavens. But all the time, in our dull material pride, we budge not one inch of our state or our progress for these charlatans of space.—Yet the nucleus must have gravity, for how else would it gravitate or retain hold of its tail, if, indeed, it does? Is the tail solid or hollow? Is there any portion of it dense enough to shut out the light of the smallest telescope star? Even that is doubtful. Yet the bulk of the head itself is sometimes immense—a million of acres. As for the tail, it defies all theories of gravitation, of light, or of heat. It is a flame? Is it a smoke? Is it a steam? Is it a bubble? Is the whole affair a balloon, of which the nucleus is the ear? Does that stream of light shoot out, as they tell us, at the rate of ten millions of miles a day, return to the parent stock, or is it left behind? Does it precipitate itself, as some say, back again on the outward-bound nucleus? Is it a mere illusion? We hear a good deal of the heavenly architecture and celestial mechanism. Is it compatible with our notions on those points that a column of imponderable matter fifty millions of miles high should move through space, entire and undispersed, at the rate of two or three millions of miles a day? The Comet of 1843, the most wonderful on record, whisked round the sun, close to it, that its tail, a hundred millions of miles long, described in two hours the half of an orbit equal to the earth's. Supposing the tail to have held together during this process, the extremity of it went over as much space in two hours as we do in half a year, travelling at the rate of about three millions of miles in one minute. As this staggers all belief, we must conclude that a good deal of the tail was left behind, brushed off in aether if aether there be, while the tail itself was continually restored during those wondrous two hours by fresh issues from the nucleus, which, however, to do that work would have to do the somewhat less speed of one hundred millions of miles in two hours or about one million of miles in a minute. Can anybody now pretend that there is nothing to be learnt, nothing more to be discovered in the skies?

It is stated that the periods of two hundred Comets have been calculated, which looks rather like a step towards reducing these vagrants to order and civilisation. But there is almost always a hitch as to the actual return of a Considerable Comet. Either it does not come at all, or it comes so overdue that people hesitate to acknowledge it. or when it comes at the very nick of time it has changed its character so much that its own prophet, after a most solemn announcement, is afraid to recognize his protege. For a long time it might be said there was no comet in the sky. Except the tail of that of 1843, seen by a few fortunate observers, we have had none of any importance since 1811. So, now is the time to attack this wondous problem. What is a Comet? Does it come to drown us in a deluge, to shroud us in blight, to sadden us with fog, to quicken us with fresh oxygen, or to burn us with fire.

"Be thou spirit of health or goblin damned,
"Bring with thee airs from Heaven, or blasts from Hell,
"Be thy intents wicked or charitable?"

We trust science will set to work to question the nature and office of these fair apparitions. We cannot willingly believe harm of them, Ten years of low earth mist would utterly extinguish the twinkle of any star in the firmament, yet on Tuesday night Arcturus glittered through a million miles of Comet tail, not only with no reduction of his brilliancy, but with a marked increase, and with bright prismatic hues. What if we were to be involved for a few minutes or hours, in so pure an atmosphere! Our only fear is that it would never be able to penetrate though this thick overcoat of coarse terrene atmosphere. Possibly, however, we may have to add to our scientific facts, a brush or two from the tail of a Comet. Venus on the 17th of this month will have a narrow escape from the embraces of this celestial visitor. Had he come five days earlier he would have rushed straight into her arms. What a warm admirer for a virgin planet? The astronomers talk in their usual positive tone as to our security from this danger, and tell us the odds are we forget how many millions to one against it. On the other hand they compute the number of Comets in our system at several millions. To vulgar apprehension the chance of a collision with five million tails, averaging fifty millions of miles, dancing all sorts of pirouettes within the contracted space of the earth's orbit, does not seem so slight. We rather put our security in the fact that we have come to no harm yet by these mysterious visitations. He who made this beauteous earth, who made sun and moon—made Comets also—and made them for our good, not our ill.

A THRILLING NARRATIVE—DESTRUCTION OF THE BRITISH SHIP EASTERN CITY BY FIRE.

Mr. John Fowler, a cabin passenger on board the Eastern City, furnishes a graphic account of the burning of that vessel on the passage from Liverpool to Melbourne, South Australia. The Eastern City was a ship of 1,368 tons burthen, and the property of Messrs. Baines & Co., of Liverpool. She was commanded by Captain Johnstone, and had a crew of 47 men, including officers.—She left Livereool on the 10th of July, with 180 passengers, and 1,600 tons of general cargo.

According to Mr. Fowler's narrative the Eastern City reached the equator on the 14th of August, after a long continuance of contrary and baffling winds, and the passengers were in expectation of reaching Australia in 70 or 75 days. On the 21st of August the wind blew strong from the North-west, and on the following day it increased to half a gale, with a heavy sea, the ship rolling a great deal, and frequently going from 12 to 14 knots an hour.

On the 23rd the wind veered round to the South-west, but the sea continued high, and at 2 P. M. an alarm of fire was raised, and smoke was seen issuing from the fore hatch. The passengers and crew were all ordered on deck, and it was believed that all had obeyed the order; but it was afterwards discovered that one of the steerage passengers, named McLean, was missing, and he is supposed to have been suffocated in his berth. Hopes were entertained at first of extinguishing the fire, as it did not seem to increase; but after half an hour it was found that no progress was made, notwithstanding the vast quantities of water that had been pumped into the hold. It was now apparent that the only chance was to endeavour to smother the fire. Accordingly, blankets, shawls, plaids, and old sails were used for that purpose, but all in vain. The women and children, about 60 in number, were removed to the poop. The Captain hauled up the courses, and put the ship before the wind, had the boats provisioned, and everything in readiness to lower away at a moment's notice. Both passengers and crew worked all night in their endeavors to subdue the flames, the captain cheering them all the while, and never leaving the deck for a moment. His courage is described as admirable, and he never ceased to comfort the women and children, by assurances that they would be all safe in the boats,

To add to their danger, they were more than 600 miles from the nearest land; the boats could carry no more than one-half of the passengers in the ship, and the sea ran so high that no boat could be launched in safety, nor live long, crowded as they must necessarily have been. Their only chance was of being picked up, but this was a forlorn hope, as they were out of the track of vessels, and those who realized the full extent of their danger, felt that their destruction was simply a question of hours. Still they worked with a will, adopting every means to smother the fire. The morning of the 24th broke at length, but the sea still ran high, and the ship scudded before the wind. About noon the fore-yard came down by the run, but without injuring any one. There was evidently very little hope, and many of those on board became quite resigned to their terrible fate. The decks became very hot, and the flames were expected every moment to be seen passing from the bows, and they were in dread of the foremast giving way, which must have precipitated their fate, as its fall must have torn up part of the deck, through which the flames would burst. At this stage, the captain, purser, and Mr. Fowler threw, bottles overboard, containing details of the sad catastrophe. Their rescue from impending death is thus described by Mr. Fowler:—

The captain, chief officer, purser, doctor, Mr. Warner, the other chief cabin passengers and myself, went into the saloon at 2 o'clock, P. M., to eat something, for we were all becoming faint. We were eating what we believed to be our last meal, but we were all calm, and even cheerful. Captain Johnston begged to be excused for the manner in which he was breaking up the preserved salmon, which, with a few biscuits, was to form our dinner; and I for appearing at dinner in such a guise, being literally covered, hands and face, with tar. At about 2:30 o'clock, P.M., and when about to say 'good bye,' in case of not meeting again, before the final catastrophe, we were startled with the cry of 'a sail!" I do not know how we all tumbled on deck, but we were there in an instant. How I looked to windward, and how faint and ill I felt, when I at first failed to perceive anything but the ocean, and a few black clouds just at the end of the horizon; how we all at last saw the sail just like a distant gull—she was coming down upon us—close by the edge of the sun's rays, on the sea; how we all cheered, and wept, and prayed, and laughed, and clasped each other's hands and cheered again. In less than half an hour, from the time we first sighted her, the vessel, which proved to be the Merchantman of and from London, with troops for Calcutta, passed close under our stern. How we cheered her, and she returned our cheer. Our Captain hailed thro' his trumpet. 'We are on fire, will you stand by us?' to which Captain Brown returned a hearty 'Aye, aye, and send my boats to assist you?'

"Soon two of the Merchantman's boats and three of our own were launched; but the sea was still high; and we expected every moment to see some of them swamped or dashed in pieces alongside; but thanks to the first and second officers of the Merchantman, and of our own officers in charge of the boats, they were conducted between the two vessels without a single accident. We first embarked the women and children, and by 8 P.M. we were all safely on board the Merchantman, our captain being the last to leave.

"On arriving on board the Merchantman, everything had been provided by Captain Brown for the relief and comfort of the rescued passengers, in which he was assisted by Capt. Dawson, commanding the troops. They had prepared hot tea and biscuits for 400.—The women and children were accommodated in the cuddy and officers' rooms, and the crew and passengers mustered and told off to mess with the soldiers and sailors, without the slightest confusion. The Merchantman stood by the burning ship during the night, and at about 2 A. M., the flames burst forth over the topgallantmast forecastle; soon after the foremast went over the side, and in half an hour the main and mizen masts went, and soon after she was a mass of flames. We could see her still burning, until about 5 o'clock, A. M., when the Merchantman stood for Table Bay, the distance became too great for us to distinguish other than a black cloud resting against the dim horizon, which was the last we saw of our ship.

"We in the first cabin saved a portion of our luggage, but the whole of the other passengers and the majority of the crew lost everything. But we were all truly thankful for our preservation from a terrible and inevitable death, and we all feel that the finger of Providence was in it, for had the Merchantman not been obliged to put into Rio de Janeiro, in consequence of the illness of the medical officer then in charge of the troops, she could not have been so far out of her course, and in a position to rescue us."

The origin of the fire has been attributed to spontaneous combustion, or the friction of badly stowed packages during the previous day, when the ship rolled so heavily in the high sea. The ship, cargo, and property belonging to the passengers, have been estimated at £90,000 or £100,000.

THE CIVIL WAR IN MEXICO.

ATTACK ON THE CITY BY THE LIBERALS AND GREAT SLAUGHTER OF ZULOAGA'S PARTY — ATTEMPT TO CAPTURE PENOLE.

Washinton, Nov. 22.

The steamship General Rusk, which arrived at New Orleans on Tuesday last, brought the Brownsville, Texas, *Flag*, which says that General Blanco, of the liberal party, with an army of 1,500 men, attacked and entered the City of Mexico, advancing to within one block of the capitol, on the 15th of October. General Zuloaga made an imposing resistance and lost 400 of his soldiers, besides having a large number wounded.—The loss on the part of the Liberals was comparatively small. General Blanco held his position for a few hours, and then retired to Tacubaya, where he encamped at last accounts.

Another account says: Zuloaga had only about 1,000 men, while the other had 3,000, and that with a little exertion, the latter might have taken the City of Mexico.

General Eacheagary was severely wounded in a daring attempt to capture the castle of Penote, with a handful of men.

The Overland Mail brought five passengers.

During a severe storm at Jejon, on the 22nd October, a stampede occurred among the Camels used by Lieut. Beale; nine of them had been recovered, but six of them were still missing.

The Los Angelos *Star*, speaking of emigration, says:—Another large party from Ohio, Missouri, Arkansas, and Texas, have arrived here during the week in excellent health, without experiencing the slightest inconvenience.

The stations of the Overland Mail Company afford resting places at convenient distances, which greatly assist travellers.

The feed for stock is excellent, and animals arrive in good order.

A large emigration from the South-western States is now on the road.

The 6th Infantry had arrived at Carson Valley, and would proceed directly to Benicia.

300 Recruits under Lieut. Bootes, were expected there in ten days.

Victoria dates are to the 18th of October. They mention the arrival of 800 ounces of gold dust by express, besides several parcels in the hands of passengers.

The accounts from the mines are more favorable, and they were turning out much better than anticipated a month previous.

New diggings had been discovered, and more miners going up the river than were coming down.

Freight from Victoria to Fort Hope had advanced from $40 to $60 per ton.

The shipments of gold from Victoria, thro' Wells, Fargo & Co., from the 4th August to the 12th of October, were 92,000 ounces.

The British ship of the line Ganges, Admiral Barnes, arrived at Esquimalt, from Valparaiso, Oct. 17th.

Oregon dates are to the 15th of October. They say Col. Wright's column had returned from Walla Walla, and that the artillery battalion under Captain Keyes, was on its way to Vancouver.

The remains of Captain Taylor and Lieut. Gaston had been buried at Walla Walla.

Michel, nephew of Kamiakem, the leading murderer of the Indian agent, Bolow, three years since, has been captured by Major Carrett, and confined at Fort Simcoe.

Yacimi, an Indian Chief, was killed while attempting to escape from Colonel Wright's command.

The navigation of Fraser River, for trade with British Columbia, has been thrown open to all parties.

INDIA AND CHINA.

The Calcutta mail has brought correspondence and papers from Calcutta to the 23rd of September, and from Hong Kong to the 12th of September.

[From the Calcutta Correspondent of the Times.]

CALCUTTA, Sept. 23.—The fortnight has been almost barren of intelligence. The proclamation, announcing the abolition of the Company has not yet appeared. Meantime orders have been issued to illuminate all public buildings, and, if possible, all towns, and to prepare a grand show of fireworks—an exhibition in which natives take a peculiar delight. Some fireworks have been sent to Allahabad, and the illuminations are progressing, but the fireworks for Calcutta cannot be ready for weeks,

From Oude and Shahabad, we have nothin of importance. The rains check all movements, and both parties appear to await weather a little more favorable for locomotion. The field force ordered by Lord Clyde to clear Shahabad has not yet collected, and the rebels are taking advantage of the pause to fortify themselves in Jugdespore. According to native report they number about 15,000 men; but native spies make little distinction between camp-followers and fighting men. They may amount to that number, as small parties steal down from Oude to join them; but the reports do not prove the fact, Active preparations will scarcely recommence till the 15th of October, the usual termination of the rains. In Southern Oude, again, the rebels, driven from Sultanpore, have concentrated themselves on Amethee, a little place known chiefly as the residence of the Maulvie, who gave so much trouble, about three years ago in Oude. They are estimated at 50,000, but if they number half that strength of fighting men, they are stronger than I believe them to be. They are completely hemmed in, having two great rivers to north and South, Brigadier Grant on the east, and Lucknow, which they dare not approach, on the west, unless some daring march releases them, they must be speedily destroyed. The railway from Allahabad to Cawnpore was opened to the public on the 15th instant. It had been opened for troops and stores some days previous. The railway will also be opened to the Adjai, 40 miles beyond Burdwan, in a few days. This section, however, will be of little use, till the bridge over the Adjai is completed, which will not be the case at least for another year.

CHINA AND JAPAN.

(From the correspondent of the Times.)

HONG KONG, Sept. 12.

Our last advices from Shanghai, under date of the 3rd instant, mention the arrival of Lord Elgin there from Japan, where, it is said, he succeeded in arranging a satisfactory treaty. The Dutch had not, as yet, it is said, succeeded in obtaining the privileges granted to other nations. The Emperor's yacht was handed over to the authorities with due ceremony. During Lord Olgin's visit to Yeddo the Emperor was unwell, which was given as an excuse for not receiving his Lordship.

The Chinese Commissioners, whose arrival was expected in Shanghai to meet the ambassadors for the revision of the tariff, had not arrived up to the last date, and nothing positive was known regarding them.

The Lanton river is again free, but we have nothing satisfactory to report of the state of matters in the city. It is difficult to explain the reason for things continuing as they are, as ostensibly the Chinese authorities require the people to resume business, and have issued notices to this effect.

In trade at Canton there was nothing done, and it was doubtful when the tea market would open. Foreigners with any prudence can only pay low rates for tea, and the enhanced prices in the country do not give any inducement to the Chinese to press the produce on the market. Another impediment to the opening of the market is, that a general contribution is to be exacted for war expenses, and it was expected that those who in the outset did business to any extent would have to pay the heaviest losses.